29
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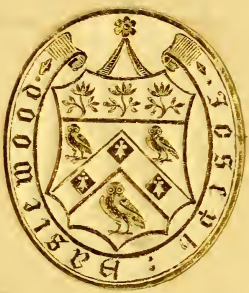

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Emblems

Farley

1638

Olive Morocco

White Cut

Emblems. . .0. 0.—
Binding by Lewis ay.—

The Frontiſpeece.

LOoke to the Sunne thus in his glory bright,
To Moone, to ſtarres, from thence who borrow light;
Then thinke on Heav'n; for God the fountaine there
Of light, vnto his Saints his light doth ſhare.
¶ Looke to the candles below, they upward tend
Vnto the light, which never ſhall have end;
And ſo the Saints, on Earth, can never ceaſe
But flutter upward, till they ſee Gods face.
¶ Looke to the Beak'n and Lantern, and thence learne
To ſave you, when a true friend doth forewarne.
¶ Then ſhall your Lamp ſhine bright, your wax ſhall burne,
Till death your aſhes ſhall to moiſture turne.
¶ Th' Extinguiſher and Snuffers which are by,
Tels thee O man, that ſometime thou muſt dye;
¶ And leaſt thou ſhouldſt in darkeneſſe ſtill remaine,
The Tinder box will light thee once againe;
But ſnuft from all corruption ſhalt thou be,
And ſhine with God and Saints eternally.

In me lux *a me lumen*

LYCHNOCAVSIA
SIVE

MORALIA
FACVM EMBLEMATA

LIGHTS
MORALL EMBLEMS

Authore
Roberto Farlæo
Scoto-Britanno

Sic luceat lux vestra

Michaell.
Sparke
1638

LYCHNOCAVSIA
sive
MORALIA FACVM
EMBLEMATA.

LIGHTS
Morall Emblems.

Authore *Roberto Farlæo*
Scoto-Britanno.

Sic luceat lux vestra & cet.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Michael Sparke Iunior*, and are to be sold at the blue Bible in *Greene Arbor*, 1638.

Tr. R.
821.49
F2324

Lychnocausiam, sive Moralia hæc facum emblemata perlegi, & digna judico, quæ luce à typis acceptâ publicentur.

Feb. 10. 1638. Tho. Wykes, *R. P. Episc. Lond. Capell. domest.*

NOBILISSIMO ET *Illustrissimo Domino omnifariæ* Virtutis & Pietatis studiis *Ornatissimo,* Dom. *Roberto Karo Comiti ab* Ancram, &c.

Nobilissime Heros,

PRo temerario & inconsulto cēnseár, qui Tibi pietatis Hyperioni, Nobilitatis jubari, & omnigenæ virtutis Lampadi, faculas hasce, quæ lumine & splendore tuo obfuscabuntur, offero: Verum Clementia Tua & gratia, ut spero, veniam dabit; Aquilæ enim more ingenii mei fœtum exploro; qui si Solis radios sustinere possit, ut meum agnoscam & tollam, sin minus, ut spurium & nothum reiiciam.

Stellæ quæ Heliacè occidunt, Heliacè etiam oriuntur, eædemq; Sole longius remoto, nullum nisi a Sole mutuum Lumen ostendunt: tædulæ hæ nostræ, quæ ad vultum tuum propius accedentes tenebrarum instar caligant, simulac longius expatiatæ fuerint, scintillas, quas à te mutuas habent, mortalibus conspicuas præferent.

Ea est Solaris sideris benignitas, ut animalia, plantas & sublunaria quæque calore suo foveat:

399165

tanta

tanta tua (Nobiliſſime Mæcēnas) ērga mē (alios prætereo innumeros benignitatem tuam expertos) communi clade deprehenſum, comitas & gratuitus favor extitit, ut non ſolum ingenium, ſed Genium & quicquid meum eſt tibi in perpetuum mancipatum profitear.

Dii Tibi ſi qua pios reſpectant Numina, grates
Perſolvent dignas———

Ergo ne ingratitudinis impiæ condemnēr, hoc licet tenue, ſincerum tamen, grati & devoti animi ſymbolum Nobilitati tuæ conſecro; Speroq; me, ſi non thure & hecatombis, farre tamen pio & fitillâ, ut Deo, ſic tibi veræ Dei ſoboli litare poſſe.

Kare Caledonios inter digniſſime Divos,
Nobilitatis apex, & Pietatis Honos;
Chara Dei ſoboles, & Regi fidus Achates,
Vnica muſarum cura, meumque decus.
Nam ſimul a vultu diſceſſit muſa ſereno
Noſtra Tuo, faciles repperit uſque deos.
Oppida quum paſſim decimaret ſontica febris,
Funderet & tetras Parca ſevera domos.
Pieridum quum turba gemens, triſtiſque fileret,
Eiicerentque ſacras clauſa Lycæa Deas.
Ad Te confugit triſtis mea muſa patronum,
In Terris ſenſit Te mea muſa deum.
Ergo Tibi ingentem dicit rediviva ſalutem,
Vitam, quam dederas, hanc vovet eſſe Tuam.
Mactus vive Heros annis & mactus honore,
Deliciæque ſoli, deliciæque poli.
Donec Cœlicolûm turmalibus additus, ipſum,
Quem colis hic, cernas, ignis in arce, Deum.

Nobilitati Tuæ dēvōtiſſimus.

Robertus Farieus.

To the moſt Noble and Illuſtrious Lady, both for Nobility and Piety, as of Vertue a rare and peerleſſe example, Lady *Anne Kare*, Counteſſe of *Ancram*.

THe Lizards eyes the face of man amazeth,
Looking on which the more and more it gazeth:
When I your heaven-infuſed graces view,
Madam, my ſenſe amazed ſtares on You.
Heaven tempers ſo its gifts in You alone,
As that all graces ſeeme combin'd in one;
When I do homage to Nobility,
Straight on it doth reflect Your piety;
So earthly glory and that of heav'n begun,
Makes You a glorious object like the Sunne,
Which darteth forth ſo many rayes of light,
As that they dazle this my ſcantling ſight.
In You great *Iunos* ſtately majeſtie
Is fraught with Chriſtian love and charity;
You have, what vertues learn'd *Minerva* hath,
And for her ægis, you are arm'd with faith:
What's *Venus* beautie to Your ſacred face,
Which is the Phyſiognomie of grace?
If for the golden apple there ſhould be
A ſtrife amongſt the goddeſſes; To thee
Let *Paris* give it, ſo he ſurely ſhall
Pleaſe all the three, Your ſelfe being more than all.

Your Honours humble, and moſt devoted to ſerve you,
Robert Farlie.

399165

To his friend the Author.

I Need not praise thy Booke: No more to tell,
Then that it Pictures hath, will make it sell:
Bookes gaudy, like themselves most do now buy,
Fine, trim, adorned Bookes, where they may spy
More of the Carvers than th' Authors skill,
And more admire the Pencill, than the Quill:
Pamphlets, whose Outsides promise, they may finde
What may their Eyes feede, rather than their minde;
Nay now adayes who almost doth behold,
One booke without a gaudy Liv'ry sold;
E'ne Poetry it selfe is at a stay,
For all it's Feet, if Carvers mak't not gay.
But as for this thy Worke (my Friend) Divine,
Which no pen worthily can praise, but thine.
It wants no Sculptill Art, to set it forth,
Twill fast enough away, with its owne worth.
Tis hard to say, whether the Muses traine,
Or else the Graces, most in thee doe raigne.
Thy Pen was well employ'd: bring it to sight,
Thy Phansie's Waighty, though thy subject's Light.
Who, that thee knowes not, ever would surmise,
That out of *Scotia* such Light should arise?
Goe forward, and the Muses so thee love
That thou a second *Buchanan* maist prove.
How subtile is thy stile! in holy Writ
How vers'd thou art! How fluent is thy wit!
About the Virgins Lamps, while thou dost toyle,
I'le say, thou hast not lost labour and oyle.
Fame shall here light her Torch, and thy name blaze
To after ages, which no time shall raze:
Thy Candle shall outshine the Sunne; it's rayes
Shall not obscure their Light, nor yet thy praise.
The purblind judgement of the Criticke rout
Shall never this extinguish without doubt;
To snuffe it with their censures them allow,
Twill brighter shine, they shall not it out blow:

Iohn Hooper.

To the Author.

Heroes bright lampe, which she on *Sestus* strand,
Set up to be a marke, by which might land
Her lov'd *Leander*, when he croft the Sea
Of *Hellespont*; long since was out, and we
Onely enjoy its fame, the light is gone,
And tow'r is buried in oblivion.
Th' *Egyptian Pharos*, which was fam'd to be
The worlds seav'nth wonder, in obscurity
Lyes ruin'd, and that multiplicit light,
Once to the Marriners a Sunne by night,
Is now extinct; for tis decreed by fate,
What Art doth reare, that Time shall ruinate:
Nay holy Writ assures, at the last day
The starres shall fall from heaven, the sunne decay,
The Moone be turnd to blood, those which God made
First most resplendent lights, at last shall fade.
¶ But thy Lights most transcendent, can no hand
Of Time or Fate (which all things else hath scand,)
Put to these Lights an end, for these shall be
Bright shining Tapers to Eternity.

Christopher Drayton.

To the Author.

That I may tell the world how I admire
Thy well-pend Flames; one sparke of that fire,
Which warmes thy learned breft, bestow on mee,
I, then a Poet, would dare speake of thee.
If I should write thy praise when I have done
I hold a Candle to the flaming Sunne
I thinke thy towring Muse a Starre hath reach'd;
Or else a Beame from bright *Apollo* fetch'd
To light each Taper by; for their pure flame
Doth well assure us, it from Heaven came.

William Povey.

To the Ingenious *Author*, on his *Latin* and *English* Morall *Emblems*.

TWo Lights within two severall Spheares were hurld,
In the divided *chaos* of the World,
When like an *Embryo* this whole Masse of Clay,
Before the *Fiat*, yet imperfect lay.
And being brought to birth, by him whose power
Hath all Eternity; and yet no how'r:
The day was subject to the Nobler light,
And to the lesser did obey the Night.
So in this Midwifery of wit, by Thee
Delivered, two lights, two Subjects be.
Thy nobler Roman stile to day-borne men
Children of Arts, directs thy Latin pen.
And that the duller ignorant might see,
They have a Mother-Moone begot by Thee;
Thine as Gods creatures serve to leade the way
To him that gave a night, succeeding Day.

Tho. Beedome.

In laudem doctissimi Authoris.

QVis hic refulgens aureâ comâ nitor
Perstringit oculos? Phosphorus reddit diem
Scotiæ. Georgius Camænarum decus
Deusque cecidit, Hesperus docti chori:
Fatlæe tu resurgis, & novum jubar
Promis renati Phosphori. Scotia tua
Iam nocte nullâ mœret, accendis faces
Cælo æmulas & prævias cælo, negas
Tenebras polo Arctoo, Camænarum decus
Deusque luces Phosphore docti chori.

Edm. Colemannus

Britanniæ Luminaria Magna.

ÆTernas jacet quantúmvis Persia flammas,
Vestalem ostenta Roma superba focum.
Lux cecidit dudum in cineres flammæque focique,
Hæc secum Imperii vasta ruina trahit.
Transtulit in Nostram Numen duo Lumina Terram,
Solem Persarum, Romuleamque Deam.

Britaines Great Lights.

PErsia thy Eternall fire is come to nought,
The Vestals flame is spent, more than *Rome* thought.
Both fires are gone with Empires: Heav'n above
Gives light and power to them, who Heav'n doe love.
Into our Land two Lights are now transfer'd;
The *Persians* Sunne, *Romes* Vesta are interr'd.

Durabit Splendor.
OXONIENSIS ACADEMIA
FELICITATIS ET SAPIENTIÆ
This Light shall endure.

Oxonia.

VEsta tua est semper (Veneranda *Oxonia*) Βιβλος,
Quæ *vesta a stando* ritè vocanda fuit.
Divino hinc *triplicem* meruisti jure *Coronam*;
Lucis, non auri est illa *Corona triplex*.

GReat *Oxford*, Thine the Bible e're hath beene;
For firmely standing *Vesta* it is seene,
Hence threefold Crowne, Thou hast deserv'd by right;
That's not of Gold, but of Empyrean Light.

Cantabrigia.

DExtra tenet *Solem*, lustrat qui lumine mundum,
Lævaq; cœlestis *pocula* fundit aquæ.
Hæc *palmas* rigat astantes, quas pondera nulla
Frangunt, quæ victrix demeruere decus.

MY right hand holds the *Sunne*, my left doth show
The *Cup*, from which true light and Nectar flow;
These cherish so the *Palmes* of Victory,
That they are trophees of Eternity.

Propino vobis.

Drinke of this Cup.

To the Reader.

SInce Courteous Reader, this our course is one,
Well overtaken, you shall not passe alone:
You saile this sea of life, and so doe I;
Unto the Haven of Heaven we both doe hye;
But harke you, least in darkenesse we doe stray,
Here be some Lights for to direct our way:
Torches and Candles, and if the wind doe blow,
Here with a Lanterne safely we may goe;
Make use of these, untill you come to shore,
Where we shall have Heavens Light for evermore.

ROBERT FARLIE.

Sursum.

Vpward.

Morall Emblems.

1.

VX mea Cœlestis sursum petit, hausimus inde,
Fons ubi perpetuas luminis auget aquas.
Qualia in immensum decurrunt flumina pontum;
Hauserunt fontes unde fluenta suos.
Ponderat ad centrum terræ ceu labile saxum;
Emicat ad superas sic mea flamma domos.
Gaudia, deliciæq;, gulæ studiosa voluptas,
Auri non animam pondera multa tenent.
Illa quies animæ est, sursum quæ semper anhelat,
Donec ad Authorem venerit illa suum.

MY light from whence it came, mounts stil on high
Vnto the source of light that's never dry.
Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,
From whence their secret fountaines first begun;
Like as the stone doth to the center sway;
to the Spheres my light still makes his way.
No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,
r pampering pleasure fast our soule can hold.
e panting soule rests not, untill it see
s maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

Quo animula.

Whither my Soule.

2.

O Anima, an noſtri te tædet? quas petis oras?
Mene fugis? quæ ſit dic mihi cauſa viæ?
Tu mihi jampridem conſors benè juncta fuiſti,
Et comes, et noſtri corporis hoſpes eras.
Quamdiu res ſteterat nobis, tu fida manebas;
Tempora nunc quia ſunt nubila, ſola fugis.
Anima. Hic captiva tuæ veluti cuſtodiæ adhæſi,
Et quà ducebas, ire coacta fui.
Exul eram patriâ; tandem cuſtode remoto,
Libera viſo meos, te pereunte, Lares.
¶ Corporis atque animæ vinclum divellitur ægrè;
Sed tamen ad cineres hoc redit, illa Polum.

AND loth'ſt thou me, my Soule, loving to goe
Elſewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know,
Was thou not all this while my deereſt mate,
My gueſt, my convoy, conſort in eſtate;
While I did floriſh, thou didſt conſtant prove,
My times are darkned now, ſo is thy love?
oule. Here as a captive to a keeper, ſo
I tyed was with thee, at liſt; to goe,
Baniſht from home: loe now my bonds are looſe,
Thou dy'ſt, I glad runne to my fathers houſe.
¶ Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach
Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

Hinc mihi sordes.

Hence commeth my filthinesse.

3.

Vra fui quondam auricomi Titanis alumna,
Et purâ nitui virginitate putâ.
rior Eoæ gentis quam chara supellex,
Purior & flammis, clare pyrope, tuis.
rior & fulvo, flammâ explorante, metallo,
Quod jam septeno tempore flamma coquit,
postquam impuro malè sum conjuncta marito,
Cœperunt sordes illius esse meæ.
Scilicet impurus temerat purissima tactus,
Vicinique lues inquinat ipsa mali.
rporeis anima hæc simul est immersa tenebris,
Incipit a puro degener esse polo.

Ometimes I was the brood of Gold'n-haird sunne,
More pure, more chast, than *Vesta's* watchfull nunne,
urer than Easterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,
urer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,
urer than Pactols gravell often try'd
fire, and furnace seven times purify'd:
ut since the fates to grease did me combine,
is filthy dregges are judged to be mine:
For why conjunction doth contagion make,
nd from th'impure the pure infection take.
he soule once plung'd into the body darke,
rgets it was a chast and divine sparke.

Diogenis Lucerna.

Diogenes Lanterne.

5.

ILLe fuit cui pera penus, cui dolia ſedes,
Narę ſagax, mores ruſticus, ore latrax.
Diogenes medio accenſâ ſub ſole lucernâ,
Rimatus ſanctum dicitur eſſe virum.
Explorant aquilæ pullos ad lumina ſolis,
Explorat mores fax taciturna hominum.
Namque diu perſonati, rectumque fidemque
Mentitâ præ ſe ſimplicitate ferunt.
Sed tacitæ nacti tranquilla ſilentia noctis,
Oſtendunt mores tunc, ſine fraude, ſuos.
Is felix, quem Sol, & quem fax vidit eundem,
Coram teſte probus, qui ſine teſte pius.

WHoſe purchaſe was his pouch, his houſe a tun,
Criticke of actions whatſoever done,
That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,
Searching for one, whoſe actions were upright.
The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,
Mens actions by the lamp are beſt eſpy'd;
For men in day time maskt with vizards goe
Of truth and faith making an outward ſhow,
But when they can nights ſecret ſilence find,
Before the lamp they doe unmaske their mind.
Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp ſees one,
Who's honeſt ſtill, though witneſſe there be none.

Tollitur

Non ſub Modio.

Not under a Buſhell.

6.

TOllitur Ætherias Lampas Titania in arces,
Quo magè subjectos lumine lustret agros.
Gloria conspicui sic est illustrior astri,
Quà patet in cunctas Ætheris aula plagas.
Nec condenda mihi modii sub pondere cæci
Lux est, nec latebris injicienda domus.
Suspendenda altè ut noctem funalia vincant,
Clarius & jaciant tecta per alta jubar.
¶ Vos quibus Æterni lux est concredita verbi,
Tollite jam vestras gentium ad ora faces.
Ut qui Cimmeriis gaudent habitare tenebris,
Agnoscant almum gratiæ adesse diem.

Titans day-burning lamp is set on high,
The more to light'n the Earth from saphir sky;
His beames more glorious and conspicuous shine
From East to West, from South to midnight line:
My light you must not under bushell put,
Nor in a chinky corners prison shut;
That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,
They must aloft be hanged round about.
¶ You holy Priests, to whom the word of light
Is trust, advance your torches in the sight
Of mortals, shew them who in darkenesse dwell,
The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.

Parvis componere magna.

To compare ſmall with great things.

7.

LVX mea si exhilarat taciturna silentia noctis,
Obscuri lustrans gaudia cuncta laris,
Aurea si Phœbi, si lux argentea Lunæ
Hæc noctem jubare illuminat, ille diem.
Quanta erit Empyreæ lux non effabilis arcis,
Quum cernent ipsum lumina nostra Deum.
Tu citius poteris dextrâ comprendere mundum,
Et conchâ excipias vitrea stagna maris;
Dicere quam poteris, quæ lucis gloria Cœlo est,
Quæ Solem obscurat, sydera, & omne jubar.
Huc tantum dicas; non lux est aurea Phœbi,
Non Phœbes lux est, stelliferæq; domus.
Sed quam lingua nequit, quam mens describere lucem
Cernest: Æternus lux erit illa Deus.

IF thus my light nights sable silence glads,
Making a cheerefull roome in midnight shads,
If Gold'n-like *Phœbus* and his silver sister,
He in the day, shee in the night doth glister;
What thought-surpassing light then shall that be,
When we in Heaven Empyrean God shall see?
Sooner thou canst the world hold in thy hand,
Or in a shell containe the glassie strand;
Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,
That darkens the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets seven:
This onely tell: it is not *Phœbus* light,
Nor *Phœbes*, nor the spangles of the night.
That light which tongue cannot, nor mind descry,
Once shalt thou see, a supreame Diety.

Sola Lux mihi laus.

Onely Light is my praise.

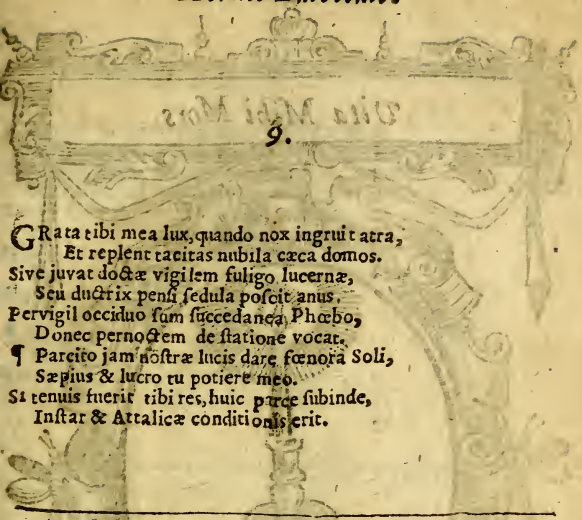
8.

LVX anima est faculæ Cœlesti e semine ducta,
Pingueq; pro fragili corpore sumen habet.
Dædala quod gnari pictoris dextera fucat,
Cœruleum flammis addit & arte, decus.
Nil pigmenta juvant, solus sed luminis usus,
Laudat; ad hunc finem lux fabricata fuit.
¶ Mens est mortali vitam quæ sola beatam
Efficit, & sobolem nos probat esse poli.
Quid bona Fortunæ, quid avitæ gloria gentis,
Corporis & robur, forma decusq; juvant?
Mens nisi sit ratione potens, atq; Æthere nata,
Corpus & hoc nostrum Spiritus intus alat.

LIght is the Torches life of heavenly kind,
Thus to a fraile and greasie masse combind,
To which the Painter beauty doth impart,
Giving it glosse and colour from his Art.
The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend
Which first was framed onely for this end.
¶ It is our mind that doth our life approve,
Shewing our race derived from above.
Blind Fortunes goods, kins generosity
Youths strength, and beauties curiosity
Make not, unlesse the spirit doe us season
With that Heav'n-bred sparkle of divine reason.

Parce, aliàs fruere.

Spare me now, enjoy me hereafter.



9.

GRata tibi mea lux, quando nox ingruit atra,
Et replent tacitas nubila cæca domos.
Sive juvat doctæ vigilem fuligo lucernæ,
Seu ductrix penſi ſedula poſcit anus.
Pervigil occiduo ſum ſuccedanea Phœbo,
Donec pernoctem de ſtatione vocat.
¶ Parcito jam noſtræ lucis dare fœnora Soli,
Sæpius & lucro tu potiere meo.
Si tenuis fuerit tibi res, huic parce ſubinde,
Inſtar & Attalicæ conditionis erit.

MY Light is pleaſant, when the night doth gloome,
And pitchy darkeneſſe lines the mourning roome;
Whither thou liſts *Cleanthes* ſmoake to blow,
Or if the Matron like to twiſt her tow.
When *Phœbus* ſetteth, I watch centenall
Vntill he from my ſtation doth me call.
¶ Spare me, lend not my light to *Titans* ray;
So ſhalt th'enjoy me when there is no day.
If thy eſtate be meane, husband it well,
And it *Attalick* wealth ſhall parallell.

Vita Mihi Mors.
My Life is my Death.

10.

QVatuor in noſtrõ regnant primordia rerum
Corpore, diſcordi conſociata jugo.
Omnia ut ad noſtram veniunt concordia lucem,
Non minus ad noſtram ſunt & amica necem.
Terra ſtruit pyram, flammæ me præparat aer,
Naturæ flammam vis fovet uda meam.
Non niſi conſumor, do lucem; luce liqueſco;
Lux eadem vitæ cauſa neciſq; meæ.
Iäpetonidæ culpa hæc, qui lumen Olympi
Mortali poterat conſociare luto.
¶ Corporis & noſtri nativus deficit humor,
Innato ſuccus quando calore perit.
Vivendo morimur, moriendo vivimus: ipſa
Quæ lucem donat, dat quoque vita necem.

FOure Elements in this my body are
All yockt in one, yet ever ſtill at warre;
As all agree to nouriſh this my light
So to my ruine they combine their might:
Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,
My moiſture feeds the ſtill conſuming fire.
Still as I ſhine by light, by light I dy,
As cauſe of life, ſo of mortality,
It was *Prometheus* fault who ſtole away
Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.
¶ Moiſture doth heat, and heat doth moiſture quale,
That dryes our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,
That which doth give, doth likewiſe ſpend our breath;
The firſt of being, is firſt houre of death.

Mihi noceo, alijs prosum.

I do good to others, I hurt my self

II.

FOEneror hanc aliis lucem, consumor & ipsa,
Augeo quæ damnis lucra aliena meis.
Pernocti vigiles quot duco lumine noctes?
Sæpius in primâ Lux mea luce perit.
Aeriis quoties fio ludibria flabris,
Prævia per cæcas ire coacta vias.
Siquid sit turbæ, furvæ & grassatio noctis,
Ad me itur; vitæ sum malè parca meæ.
Discere quod nequeunt hominum pars maxima, disce
Auxiliari aliis, ipsa nocere mihi.
Lex est, naturæ sed lex contraria nostræ,
Omnes quæ memores admonet esse sui.
¶ Impiger hostiles trudens se Codrus in enses,
Profuerat patriæ, prodigus ipse animæ
Pascit & implumes animâ Pelicanus alumnos,
Incolumes servat pastor & æger oves.
Mortalis; suam gaudens profundere vitam
Ipse Deus passus, ne pateretur homo, est.

WHilst I give light to others, I decay;
I lose my selfe, whilst I to others play:
I watch all night with an unsleepy eye,
And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye:
How oft am I by blustering *Boreas* mockt,
And lightning others, I my selfe am chokt;
If tumult, or a night assailing be,
I am employ'd, no rest, no peace for me:
What most of men neglect, that I observe,
To succour others, though my selfe should starve.
A Law but not of nature, which directs
All of themselves to have the prime respects.
¶ *Codrus* the King, his Country to defend,
Much like a Prodigall his life did spend;
The Pelican to feede her plumelesse brood,
Doth lance her breast, and straine her purest blood,
The watchfull sheepherd seldome seeing sleepe,
Directs, and keepes from wolves his straying sheepe:
Even Christ himselfe, the Sonne of the most Hie,
Did suffer death, least mortall man should die.

Aut ſplendore aut ſitu conſumor.

Either by Light or mouldines I die.

12.

HInc me Scylla rapit, premit hinc me dira Charybdis,
Ambiguiq; urget vis nocitura mali.
Ocia blanda sequens, carie & rubigine cœcâ
Consumor multo debilitata situ.
Sin radiis nitidas lustro rutilantibus ædes,
Extinguor flammis mox liquefacta meis.
Durum; sed levius reddit patientia: lucem
Expeto, quâ splendens utilis esse queam.
¶ Plena laboriferis sunt vitæ tempora curis,
Enervant animos ocia dira leves.
Hæc intemperiem generant, & robora frangunt,
Aſt curæ mentes anxietate necant.
Sed tamen est melius mediâ quam vivere sorde,
Virtutis claro lumine posse mori.

NAture propounds a dilemme, chuse I must,
Either to dye by light, or rot by rust:
If I seeke ease and rest, then lasinesse
Doth me consume with mouldy hoarinesse;
But if I love to shine with glorious ray,
Then by my flames in teares I melt away.
Patience doth light'n this evill: I wish to live
In glorious light, and light to others give,
¶ This life is worne out with laborious toile,
And slothfull rest doth minde and body spoile;
But yet it's better for to dye a sparke,
Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

Sedula

Sic perire miserum est

So to dye is miserable.

13.

SEdula de pingui me dextra liquamine finxit
Artificis, luci ut tæda parata forem.
Iamq; mihi restat rutilas assumere flammas,
Quando opportuni temporis hora vocat.
Ecce ruunt mures cœci-é penetralibus antri,
Turb q; me multo stridula dente petit.
Ante diem morior, nondum cui vivere cessit;
Fœdaq; dentati soricis esca cado.
Do lacrymas moriens, nunc indefleta recumbo;
Nulla, vel hæc fati sors peraceba mei.
¶ Sic cadit in cœcis uteri penetralibus infans,
Qui nullum vidit Solis, in orbe. jubar.
Sic immaturis juvenum spes occidit annis,
Quæ poterat longas emeruisse dies.

THe Crafts-man did me of pure tallow frame,
And made me fit to nourish heav'ns flame;
One thing remain'd, that I should take with fire,
When season due, and fit houre doth require:
Loe how the rats catching me all alone,
With envious teeth my body cease upon;
I dye before my day, they life prevent;
Before I live, my liveless body's spent:
I dying could with teares my death bemoane,
But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.
¶ The infant so doth it selfe entombe,
Before it see the day, in mothers wombe.
So by unfimely death youths hope decayes,
Which might have well deserved many daies.

Quum

Fessa tibi nunc Lampada trado.

I weary, give my Light to thee.

14.

QVum mihi pingue foret viscoso in corpore sumen,
Alma renidentis lucis alumna fui.
Hora sed in tenues tandem me dissipat auras,
Ad fungi cineres Lux mea tota redit.
Ecce meam defessa tibi nunc Lampada trado,
Inq; vicem vires experiere tuas.
Sic cedit persona alii, vacuamq; relinquit
Scenam, quum partes egerit ille suas.
Rex sceptri vitæq; simul defunctus honore,
Deponit soboli sceptra tuenda suæ.
Emeritus, fato & fractus post vulnera miles
Cedit, & exercet strenuus arma tyro.
¶ Felix transactæ vitæ quem vespera laudat,
Et lauri æterno gloria honore beat.

WHen that my clammy substance was entire,
I was an earthly nurse of heav'n-bred fire;
Now envious time doth me in ashes turne
And to a tedious snuffe my light doth burne:
Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;
I yeeld, doe what thou canst, the turne is thine.
So the Comedian having plaid his share,
Gives place to others, who then actors are:
A King his weighty office having done,
Dying transfers his Scepter to his sonne:
When that the crasie Souldiers strength doth faile,
The younger must the enemy assaile.
¶ Happy is he the evening of whose daies
Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

Pauper

Nec minor est mea lux.
My Light is not the lesse.

15.

NOn minor est gurges vitreis circumfluus undis,
Exonerans sese in stagna fluenta, lacus.
Nec minor Ætherii lux ardentissima Solis;
Innumeros quamvis lumine lustrat agros.
Magnetis ferro visq; impertita sodali
Huic, illi; tamen est non minor ipsa sibi.
Sic mea multiparo varias lux lumine tædas
Accendens, lucem mutuat, haud minuit.
¶ Hæc Sophiæ natura, sui quæ prodiga semet
Communem, salvâ ast integritate, facit.
Sic melius dixere bonum communius, omnes
Gratia participes sic volet esse sui.

THe glassie gulfe joyn'd with Earths globe in one
Gives waters to the rivers, looseth none:
The Sunne that makes so many glorious dayes,
Doth loose no light, and still he wast's his rayes:
The Loadstone to the iron gives vertue rare,
And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire;
So this my torch can give to others light,
And still, as is his wont, shine perfect bright.
¶ Thus Divine Wisdome doth communicate
Her selfe, that others may participate.
The good more common better is, and grace
Wisheth, all were partakers of her case.

Quum

Perdita Jnvenio.

I finde things loſt.

16.

PAuper anus tenuem nostis caligine drachmam
Perdit, quæ parvæ spes erat una rei.
Sedula mox properat splendentem accendere lychnũ,
Et lento nitidam verrere fasce domum.
Eruit hanc latebris; inventaq; gratior illi est:
Quam fuerat Phrygio gaza superba seni.
¶ Ex quo Cimmeriis Divinæ particula auræ
Corporis in cœco carcere mersa latet;
Vera jacet tenebris amissa scientia rerum,
Quæ superat largas Pygmalionis opes.
Ergo Cleanthææ Lux accendenda lucernæ est;
Sic animi amissas inveniemus opes.

THe carefull Matrone in her cell below,
Let fall a groat, yet where she did not know:
Forthwith she tinnes a Light, then with her broome
She neatly sweepes the corners of the roome:
Thus from the dust and darkenesse when she finds it,
More than the Phrygian Midas wealth she mindes it.
¶ Our soule a divine sparke since that it fell
Into Cimmerian darkenesse of this cell,
The soules true knowledge doth appeare no more
Which goeth beyond *Pygmalions* richest store.
Then must we light *Cleanthes* Lamp and find
By study, the lost treasure of our mind.

Phosphore redde diem.

O Morning Starre shew forth day.

17.

HEsperias postquam Phœbus descendit in undas,
Occidua & merso littora sole rubent.
Accendor clari nocturna vicaria Phœbi,
Et successivas sedula præsto vices.
Lux mea jam queritur consumptos corporis artus,
Et minuit sumen stiria multa meum.
Cedere sic cogor; reduces jam vertito currus
Phœbe, orbi clarum Phosphore redde diem.
¶ Christus sol mundi, postquam remeavit ad oras
Empyreas, scandens victrea regna poli.
Tunc sanctos jussit lucem præferre ministros,
Gratiæ ut in cœco pareat orbe dies.
At postquam hi senio fracti, vigilisq; labore
Incipiunt fessis artubus esse graves.
Lampada tunc animæ tradunt, optantq; vicissim,
Vt possit clarâ surgere nube Deus.

WHen *Phœbus* sets in the Hesperian streames
And Westerne shores blush with his drowned beames;
Then I as *Phœbus* second must give Light,
And act my part in darkenesse of the night:
But now my Light complaines that I decay,
And into greasie teares doe melt away;
So I am forst to yeeld. O turne thy teame
Phœbus, and *Phosphor* shew thy morning beame.
¶ When Christ the Sonne of righteousnesse did goe
Vnto his Heavenly mansions from below
Then he his holy servants did command,
Conspicuous to the world, like lights, to stand;
But when they faile with watching, toile, and age,
And now are ready to goe off the stage,
Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry;
O come thou Sonne of righteousnesse, we die.

Video & Taceo.

I see all and say nothing.

18.

SÆpe mihi noctis credunt arcana silentis,
Quæq; solent clarum furta latere diem
Martis adulterium Sol toti ostendit Olympo,
Prodidit & versis crimina Phœbus equis;
Est mihi non temerata fides; quæ conscia cerno,
Hæc taceo Consto tutior una Deo.
¶ A me mortales taciturna silentia discant,
Ne lædant sanctam garrulitate Fidem.

IN secret silence of the night what's done
Is trust to me, concealed from the Sunne
Phœbus did *Mars* and *Venus* love betray,
And turning backe did greater crimes bewray:
What I doe see when witnesse is asleepe,
That like *Harpocrates* I closely keepe.
¶ Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,
What lawfull secret they doe heare or see.

Lucentem metuiſtis.

You feared me whilſt I ſhined.

19.

DVM mea candenti radiaret lumine flammâ,
Et jubari lampas æquiparanda foret.
Illustrem fecit me splendor, flamma verendum,
Invidiosa aljis, & metuenda fui.
Sed postquam mea lux torpenti emortua fungo est,
Et tenebræ radios occuluere meos
Torpeo truncus iners, tutam munimine nullo
Me rodunt glires, quam metuere, facem.
¶ Invidiamq; metumq; simul mortalibus adfert
Gloria, majestas numine tuta suo est.
At postquam dominum fallax fortuna reliquit,
Præda nec armati pumilionis erit.

WHen as my Light much like an ev'ning starre,
Did cast his glittering beames both neare and farre;
Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,
And none injuriously durst me upbraide;
But when my Light into a snuffe did turne,
And cloth'd with darkenesse, I did cease to burne,
Loe how without defence I naked stand,
Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.
¶ Glory, as envy, so it terrour lends
To Mortals: Majesty it selfe defends;
But after treacherous Fortune flies away,
To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

Fruſtra me extinguis

In vaine thou putteſt me out.

20.

Licitum molire nefas; me teste vereris
Aggredi, & indicium suspicis usq; meum.
tincta jam me speras te posse latere,
Et sine teste tibi cuncta licere putas.
Falleris; in cœcis Lux est divina tenebris,
Quæ lustrat Stygii tecta verenda Iovis.
d tu talpa Dei non spectas lumen, & atrâ
Non potis es medium cernere nocte diem.
stmodo sed cernes, quum Lux suprema favillam
Accendet, quæ nunc corpore mersa latet.
go quicquid agis, tu præsens suspice numen,
In tenebris crede & cernere cuncta Deum.

'Hou goest about mischiefe and still dost feare,
Least this my light 'gainst thee should witnesse beare;
having put me out th u think'st to worke
ny will, and yet in secret still to lurke.
Thou art deceiv'd, the darknesse of this cell
ontaines a light, that sees the lowest hell.
t thou a Want, canst not perceive this light.
either discerne Sun-shine from cloudy night.
hen shalt thou see it, when the Diety
all kindle that sparke which in thy breast doth ly.
hat e're thou dost looke to that Light which made
ll Lights, and shines as day in midnight shade.

Hine

Cito consumar necesse est.

So I must needs be quickly consumed.

21.

Hinc & hinc me flamma vorax consumit, utrinq;
Flagrat ad exitium Lux geminata meum.
Vidit ardentes, velut Isthmus, dextera flammas,
Consulat utq; mihi, vix cavet ipsa sibi.
Cino nam tacta malo, consorsq; pericli est,
Dum coiens cogit cedere flamma manum.
Dilapidet si forte gulâ bona cuncta maritus,
Vxor & in mundum destruat illa suum;
Inc & hinc discerpta redit sors omnis ad assem,
Pœnitet & serò dilacerasse penum.
Quod si fortunas dextrâ fulcire ruentes
Et cupiat fluxas sistere amicus opes.
Invisam perdens operam vix tutus abibit,
Namq; in eum virus vertit uterq; suum.
Sæpe malas dirimens lites malè plectitur insons,
Vertit & iratas in sua damna manus.

I Am consumed with devouring fire,
Whilst Vulcane gainst me doubles thus his ire:
The hand, much like an Isthme, doth separate
The flames, and doth it selfe præcipitate
Into open danger, shewing so its love,
The scorching flames compels it to remove.
¶ A thriftlesse husband if he spend his state,
And so the wife loving to goe too neat;
Their stocke and meanes quickely goes to decay,
And late repentance comes, when all's away.
But if a friend their ruine would prevent,
And stay their fall; be sure he shall be shent:
He losing labour scarce shall harmelesse goe,
They both against him turne their malice so.
Oft times who parteth quarrels and debate,
Against himselfe doth turne the parties hate.

Lux mea tibi tenebræ.

My light is darknes to thee.

22.

VX mea per totas rutilans quæ ſpargitur ædes,
Exhilarans homines, ignicolaſq; Lares.
il niſi Cimmerias præfert tibi, cæce, tenebras;
Culpa tua eſt; caſſus lumine nulla vides.
ernere talpa nequit Solem, dum luce coruſcat;
Et nullum caſſus lumine, lumen habet.
Chriſtus vera Dei Lux, Sol puriſſimus orbi eſt,
Detegit & radiis nubila cuncta ſuis.
ernimus haud tamen hoc lumen, niſi numine pandat
Hos oculos, quos jam nox tenebroſa premit.
c ad nos Chriſti Lux derivata, reflectit
In proprium, radio multiplicante, jubar.

MY ſplendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,
D oth cheere the houſe, and darkeneſſe chaſe away;
o thee wh'art blind, I'm darke as ſable night,
t's thy default, not mine; thou lak'ſt thy ſight.
The Moule cannot *Hyperions* glory ſee;
Who want their eyes, no comfort have by me.
Chriſt is the glory of that light from hie,
Which can the darkeſt Chaos full deſcry;
And yet we ſee him not untill our eyes
Ie open, which thickeſt darkeneſſe doth ſurpriſe;
hen doth his light unto himſelfe reflect
rom us as mirrours, with a new aſpect.

Gloria

Tenebræ mihi famam.

Darkneſſe addeth glory to me.

Loria nulla foret faculæ, nisi furva tenebris
Involvat mundum nox taciturna suis.
lla polo quum nulla micat, quum cornua Phœbe
Condit, & obscuro sidere cuncta latent.
gora condensant tenuem vicina calorem,
Splendidiusq; nitet, nocte silente, jubar.
ò magis est noctis caligo obsessa tenebris,
Hòc lumen tædæ clarius esse solet.
Obvia si adversis ponas contraria rebus,
Obsessis pugnant viribus illa magis.
tuti confer vitium; splendebit utrumq;,
Clarius hinc paret dedecus, inde decus.

O glory could I shew, wer't not the night
In sable clouds did mantle up heavens light.
hen starres are vail'd, and *Phœb'* her hornes doth hide,
ying her cresset and attire aside.
he more nights fogge doth maske the spangled spheare,
he more in darkenesse doth my Light appeare;
ights foggy cold doth make my flame more strong,
nd light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.
If you together contraries paralell,
r contrary opposition they excell.
ertue compare with vice, and you shall see,
his shew his glory, that his infamie.

Magis consumor minus luceo.

I am consumed more and shine lesse.

24.

NVnc importunis Boreas me flatibus urget;
Flat, ceu fornacis flamma cienda foret.
Fallitur, in tenues lucem mihi dissipat auras;
Sic consumpta magis, luceo clara minus.
Ipse operam perdit Boreas, oleumq; ego perdo,
Impar congressus viribus estq; meis.
¶ Non si tardigradus stimulo fodiendus asellus,
Nobilibus stimulos subdere oportet equis.
Aonidum proles non est laceranda flagello;
Plumbea gens isto est erudienda modo.
Sunt certæ vires rerum & tranquilla facultas,
Quas urgens nimiâ sedulitate necas.

NOw *Boreas* puffing in his boistrous ire
Blows as he were to kindle *Vulcans* fire:
He doth undoe me by his churlishnesse,
I am consumed more, and shine the lesse:
He spends his labour, so I lose mine oyle,
As no wayes fit to undergoe such toyle.
¶ You beat the Asse lingring under his load,
The generous Horse deserveth not a goad:
The Muses sonnes cannot away with lashes,
Which are more fitting for *Arcadian* asses.
Each strength within his limits, Nature bounds,
Which who so passeth, Nature he confounds.

Nocitura peto.

I seeke mine hurt.

25.

AVreus hanc lucis splendor trahit æmulus astris,
Nescit at infestas esse calore faces.
In fraudes incauta ruit; splendoris amore
Dum capitur, flammæ carpitur igne gravi.
¶ Splendida purpureo turget quæ gloria amictu,
Fulget in excelso conspicienda loco.
Invidiosa simul, cunctisque optabilis ardet;
Aſt miserâ stultos improbitate necat.
Tollit, ut a summo deturbet culmine; lætas
Cum miseris mutat gloria vana vices.
Icariæ vitreo natarunt æquore pennæ,
Phœbo vicinas sollicitando vias.
Dum Phaeton capitur currus splendore paterni,
Eridani in medias decidit ustus aquas.
Tuta satis non sunt Phœbæis proxima flammis,
Audent auricomum si temerare jubar.

LIghts starre-like splendor doth allure this flye,
Not knowing that she may be burnt thereby:
Thus whilst she kindled with a great desire
Of Light, loe how shee dies in flaming fire.
¶ Glory in purple robes is set on hie,
Envious to many, lovely to the eye:
But many times glory doth fooles undoe,
Whilst, without wit and reason, they it wooe:
It raiseth them that with the greater fall,
It may them overthrow and crush withall.
Whilst *Icarus* soares to *Hyperions* beames,
He headlong fals into th' *Icarian* streames;
And *Phaeton* daring for to rule the day,
Was thunder-beate, and burnt with *Phœbus* ray.
We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,
If of the scorching rayes we be aware.

Consumar si non cito.
Quickly or I am consumed.

26.

FAx ego dum optatæ multùm peto lumina flammæ,
A flammâ lucem feruidiore peto.
Hinc cita ni accendor, jam jam consumar, & omnis
Suminis in lacrymas vis liquefacta cadet.
Res quibus est angusta domi, & fortuna novercans,
Coguntur Dominos sollicitare suos.
Genua quibus cerant, & adorant supplice voto,
Munificam duris mittere rebus opem.
Tunc miseros mora longa necat, nam spes cadit omnis,
Recula & exilis, quæ fuit ante, perit.
Tempestiva beant donantis munera dextræ,
Donaq; temporibus non nisi grata suis.

WHen I this wisht-for light to tinne desire,
I prostrate crave it from this flaming fire;
From whence if light come not in fitting time,
Am consum'd before the light be mine.
Whose meanes are small, whom Fortune favours not,
They take their patrons mercy for their lot;
To them their supplications they direct,
Attending still with homage and respect;
Delay undo'th them, makes them spend their oyle,
Their hopes grow lesse, and greater is their toyle;
Unlesse their Patrons timely shew their love:
For gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

Non ſuffulta pereo.

Helpe or elſe I dye.

27.

FAx ego splendebam fixâ dum sede manerem,
Salvaq; sublato vertice flamma foret,
Nunc postquam casus lucem temeravit iniquus,
Prona vacillanti corpore tæda jacet.
Adfer opem quicunq; vides, succurre labanti,
Tutaq; sic nostræ gloria lucis erit.
¶ Humanum est labi, variæq; obnoxia sorti
Vita, nequit certo firma manere loco.
Vel quassat fortuna, movet vel lubricus error;
Inq; horas hominum labitur omne genus.
Felix labenti cui vis succurrit amica,
Quiq; hominis, tanquam numinis, usus ope est.
Namq; docent, quæcunq; nocent; prudensq; cavebit
Ictus, cum lasso fortius ibit equo.

I Shined brightly whilst I stood upright,
And firmely seated gave a perfect light;
But after that mischance did me surprise,
I am cast downe and know not how to rise.
Helpe, helpe, who sees my case, now succour me,
So, as before, my Light shall glorious be.
¶ A man may fall, this brittle life of ours
Is subject to more chances than to houres:
Or fortune false, or errours slippery fall
Suffers us not, constant to proove at all:
Happy is he who falling findes a man,
Much like a God, supporting what he can.
By hurt he learning gaines, he wiser growes,
And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

Memet Nutrio.

I nouriſh my ſelfe.

28.

CVncta suam nutriunt animam viventia damno
Alterius, vitam nutrio sola meam.
Planta rapit terræ vires, & pascitur illis;
Brutaq; florenti germine planta fovet.
Innocuas nec non animas animalia perdunt.
Humanæ ut fiant altilis esca gulæ.
¶ Alterius damnis hominum pars maxima vivit,
Augeat utq; suas res, aliena rapit.
Sic homini lupus est homo, rapto vivitur, & qui
Fraude potest alios fallere, lucra feret.
Felix qui propriâ ducit se sorte beatum,
Quodq; suum est, ducit satq; superq; sibi.

ALL living things with others losse maintaine
Their life, not so my harmelesse light I gaine.
The plant doth feede upon the fertile soile;
And bruitish beasts the pleasant plants doe spoile;
So harmelesse beast, and bird, and fish must dy,
To pamper mans too licorish gluttony.
But of condition though I mortall be;
Yet this my Light is onely nurst by me.
¶ The most of men doe live by others losse,
Whilst others goods they to themselves engrosse:
So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives
Most gaine to him, who most unjustly lives.
Thrice happy's he, who's of his state content,
As if it were *Crassus* or *Cræsus* rent.

Sit

Non memet Extinguo.

I doe not put out my selfe.

29.

Sit mihi sors quæcunq; tamen gratissima semper
Vita mihi est, morior non nisi jussa mori.
Quando manus Domini extinguit, vel fortior aura
Enecat, aut pessum casus iniquus agit.
Sin minus irrupta hanc animam cum corpore jungit
Copula, supremo non nisi rupta die.
¶ Ipsa hominem jussit vitam natura tueri,
Quâ nil mortali charius esse solet.
Ille sed invitis resecat sua stamina Parcis,
Exosusq; animam, res sibi habere jubet.
Scilicet incertæ metuens discrimina mortis,
Ante tubas mortem, ne moriatur, obit.
Ah! miser Ætheriæ non dignus munere lucis,
Vivere qui non vult, nescit & ipse mori.

WHat e're my stat's, my love proves constant still
To this my Soule, we part against our will;
Or when fierce *Boreas* with his blustring gale,
Or some mischance my lovely light doth quale:
Else I and Light my life, would never part,
Before to ashes fates did me convert.
¶ Nature commands us to maintaine our breath
And being, shunning life-destroying death.
Yet man from Atropus oft takes the knife,
And cuts his fatall thred, devouring life:
For why, he fearing death before his day,
Before th'allarum, makes himselfe away.
Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the skye,
Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

Omnia

Mors mihi Lucrum.

Death is gaine to me.

30.

LVX extincta perit, non spes tamen excidit omnis,
Denuoq; accendet lux rediviva facem.
Diutius ut vivam, morior; sic mors mihi lucrum est,
Alternasq; dabit flamma iterata vices.
Nos morimur, fatoq; omnes concedimus atro,
Et mors est tanquam mersa sopore quies.
Namq; anima Ætherias simulac volitavit ad arces,
Corpus in hæc mundi prima elementa redit.
Donec ad illa redux anima, hos assumpserit artus,
Quos posuit, vitâ dans meliore frui.

MY Light is gone, yet hope doth still remaine,
That Light revived shall me quick'n againe.
gaine by death, for so I longer last,
ife shall returne, after some houres are past.
All of us dye, when this our threed is spunne,
nd cut, deaths drousie sleepe is then begunne.
fter the ghuest is gone, the Innes decay,
ur body's turn'd to rubbish and to clay;
ntill the soule returning doe possesse
Our bodies in Eternall happinesse.

Ætherias

Sursum Peto, deorsum trahor.

I bend upward, I am drawne downward.

31.

ÆTherias mea flamma polaris anhelat ad arces,
Lux in natalem subvolat usq; locum.
Corppreo sed pressa jugo descendere flamma
Cogitur, ut quærat tædæ alimenta suæ.
Decrescens sequitur sic sumen, donec ad ipsum
Venerit, ultrà quò non datur ire, rogum.
Mens mea nescio quâ Cœli dulcedine capta
Cogitat alatam tendere ad astra viam.
Sed grave mergit onus, dum compes dura caduci
Corporis, hanc mentem serpere cogit humi.
Pulveris in medio quærens victumq; & amictum,
Lotum edit, & patriæ vix memor ipsa suæ est.

MY Light up to Heav'ns Mansions still doth move,
Seeking his native place of rest above;
But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,
It stoopes to seeke his food, and feed his flame:
So still it sinkes downeward, untill it turne
Into a snuffe, and ashes cease to burne.
My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,
Vnto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire sky,
But still its plung'd, so to the body bound,
That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:
Thus cralling for its food my soule can fret,
And tasting Lote, his Country doth forget.

Tantus

Extinguar quin aſcendam.

I will dye but I ſhall aſcend.

32.

TAntus amor patrii Cœli est, sic tendit in altum
Lumen, ut adversas nesciat ire vias.
Lux depressa tamen scandit, penetratq; ruinas
Illa meas, morte & sternit ad astra viam.
¶ Emicat ad Cœlos anima hæc, corpusq; supinat
Hoc grave, dum secum tollere membra cupit.
Nititur, at frustra; corpus radicibus hærens
Terræ, cognatam linquere nescit humum.
Deprimit ad silices tumulumq; victa senectus,
Cum parat in terram figere Parca caput.
Tunc anima inversi per corporis ire ruinas
Gestit, & ad superas ferre trophæa domos.

SVch is lights love to Heaven, that still above
It mounts, and cannot to the center move;
Hold you it under, it will upward reach,
And through its ruinous body make a breach.
¶ Our soule doth bend our bodies straight and even,
As with it selfe, it would them raise to Heaven;
But all in vaine it undergoes such toyle,
The body will not leave its native soyle:
Age puls it downe, and makes it stoope full low,
Till death doth give his fatall overthrow
Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth rise,
And like a conquerour, mount to the skyes.

Proprio ſumptu.

On mine owne coſt.

33.

OMnia quæ mea sunt, mecum bene provida porto,
Et vivit sumptu sobria flamma suo.
Si tenuis mihi sit res, mecum convenit illi,
Et quæcunq; venit sors, mihi grata venit.
Nusquam mendico, nec quid sit tristis egestas,
Viva scio; quid sit mortua, curo minus.
¶ Sunt quibus unum opus est alienâ vivere quadrâ,
Et lautam alterius dilacerare penum.
Vulturii humani generis, fuciq; culinæ,
Mensarum harpyiæ, soriculi penoris.
At Sapiens animum fortunæ accommodat æquum,
Metitus modulo seq; penumq; suo.
Gratior exigui est huic esca parabilis horti,
Malvaq;, quam magnæ sportula larga domus.

I Carry about with me, my frugall store,
With which I am content, and seeke no more;
If it be meane, I can with it agree,
What state soever, welcome comes to me:
I never begge; alive, what is distresse,
I know not; but once dead, I care for't lesse.
¶ Some live on others trenchers, and doe eate
The bread of sloth, for which they never sweat:
They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,
Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.
The wiseman howsoever he doth finde
Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,
He doth preferre his course and country faire,
Vnto his Patrons dole and dishes rare.

Cum

Lucenti non invideo.

I envie not thy light.

34.

CVM tua per noctis radiaret flamma tenebras;
Splendebat tua lux invidiosa mihi.
At postquam Titan lustravit lumine terras,
Flamma tua est, tenebris æmula facta meis.
Non equidem invideo lucenti, gloria lucis,
Nulla tuæ est; tenebris, gloria nulla meis.
¶ Vmbra velut corpus sequitur, comitatur honorem
Invidia, & livor culmina summa petit.
Gloriolam obscurat si quando gloria major,
Gloriolæ invidiam gloria major habet.

WHen thou in darkenesse of the night didst blaze,
I could not without envy on thee gaze;
But when the Cyclop *Titan* comes in sight,
There is no ods twixt darkenesse and thy light:
I doe not envy thee, although thou shine;
No glor' I have, nor is the glory thine.
¶ As lightsome bodyes doe a shaddow give;
So glory without envy cannot live:
When greater glory doth the meane suppresse,
It likewise takes the envy from the lesse.

Flamma fumo proxima eſt.

Fire followeth ſmoake.

QVI timet insanæ damnata incendia flammæ;
Et cupit extinctam nocte latere facem,
Extinguit flammam, nec cessat spiritus ante
Quam fumi fungo cum moriente cadat
Proxima nam fumo flamma est, spiracula fungi
Lumina fumanti dant, rediviva faci.
¶ Furtivas Veneris metuis qui in pectore flammas,
Et quas accendit dira libido lues.
Has preme, suppressoq; imi jam pectoris æstu,
Tu cave ne impuro fumus ab ore meet.
Si spirat fumus, cineri suppostа doloso
Flamma jacet; fumum supprime, flammà peris.
Contrà si verbis occurret blandior aura
Pellicis; in flammas dira libido micat.

WHo fearst outragious *Vulcans* damned ire,
And wouldst be safe from night-surprising fire;
Put out the flame, the smoaking snuffe suppresse,
Least from the smoake the fire it selfe redresse;
For fire is next to smoke, and oft its seene,
That reaking snuffe a blazing fire hath beene.
¶ Who feares the damned fire of inward lust,
And *Cupids* flames, observe this rule he must.
Hearts concupiscence, 'fore it's vehement,
Looke that in words he suffer't not to vent;
For words are smoake of burning hearts desire;
Smother his words, he needs not feare the fire:
But otherwayes a whorish complement,
Doth blow his fire, and makes him give consent.

Dum ſpiro ſpero.

Whilſt I breath, I hope.

36.

MVlta meam accelerant vitæ discrimina mortem,
Et tandem Boreæ vis truculenta necat.
Flamma cadit, calor excedit, lux aurea cœca est,
Spiritus, & vitæ specula parva manet.
¶ Hanc hominum vitam vexant incommoda mille,
Et minuit nostros sors inopina dies.
Cura, dolor perimunt, enervant corpora morbi,
Et trahit ad capulum dira senecta senes
Vespere vel Fortuna, dedit quæ mane, revellit;
Aut spoliat miseros hostica turba viros.
Forma perit subito, vires franguntur, honores
Aufugiunt, fractas linquit amicus opes.
Spes at amica manet, dubiis fidissima rebus,
Hæc comes extremâ non nisi morte fugit.

A Thousand evils this my life doth spend,
At length fierce *Boreas* thereto puts an end:
My light, my heat, my flame and all is past;
Onely, whilst breath remaines, my hope doth last.
¶ This life of ours is tost to and againe,
Time and unconstant Fortune workes our bane:
Care kils us, griefe, diseases doth outweare
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.
Fortune takes what she in the morning gave;
Or enemies robbe and spoile what e're we have;
Strength, beauty perish honours flye away,
False friends, when meanes are gone, they will not stay:
Hope's onely constant in adversity,
Before she's kild by death, she will not fly.

Lucentem

Altero extinguor, altero accendor.

The one puts me out, the other kindls me

37.

Vcentem me adversa noti jam perdidit aura;
Dennò sed flammas aura secunda dabit.
Iusticus ut quondam, ventus contraria spirat,
Vno namq; calor, frigus & ore meat.
Puppe procellosi quem excussit gurgitis unda,
In puppem rediens gurgitis unda refert.
Altera Fortunæ manus obruit, altera tollit;
Sanat, quod fixit, Pelias hasta latus.
ic multos periisse juvat; quem patria mulcat
Exilio, sæpe hunc hostica terra fovet.
Ve desponde animum, nec rebus concide fractis;
Difficiles, faciles experiere Deos.

WHilst I did shine fierce *Boreas* put me out,
Againe he kindles me at the second bout:
s sometimes did the clowne, now *Boreas* doth,
oth heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,
The billow whom it cast into the maine,
eturning threw him in the Shippe againe;
ortune throwes downe, then raiseth from the ground;
chilles speare doth cure whom it did wound.
osses prove good to some; whom Greece condemnd,
he Persian for his vallour could commend.
e not cast downe, dispaire not at mischance,
od who hath crossed thee, will thee advance.

Hellespontiacis

Herus Lucerna.

Heros light.

38.

Hellespontiacis Hero vicina procellis
Suspendit claram turris ab arce facem.
Hanc cernens mediis nabat Leander in undis
Ad Dominæ properans gaudia blanda suæ.
Hanc postquam extinguit Boreæ violentior aura,
Æquoris in tumidis mergitur ille vadis.
Sic juveni fuerat quondam quæ tæda jugalis,
Ad funus juveni teda parata fuit.
¶ Cœlicolûm Pater, ac æterni conditor orbis,
Lumen ab Æthereâ promlit arce suum.
Hoc sequimur vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Dum petimus celsi gaudia vera poli.
Nulla sed hoc Boreæ aut ventorum insania lædet:
Ad portum incolumes sic licet ire pios.
Quo simul ac fessi pervenimus, illa jugalis
Pax erit, & nunquam funebris esse potest.

Hero who dwelt by Hellespontick strand,
Hang'd forth a Light, *Leanders* marke for land,
Whither his helmeleſſe course he steerd and mov'd,
Whilst he made haste to see his welbelov'd,
Which when fierce *Boreas* with his blustring blast
Put out, he in the floods away was cast:
So that his wedding light became a torch,
To convoy him to Proserpines blacke porch.
¶ Almighty God who made all by his power,
Holds forth his Light from the Celestiall Tower:
That when the stormes our tossed soules annoy,
It may direct us to our heav'nly joy.
No storme against this Light can so prevaile
But Saints unto their wisht-for Haven may saile.
Where for their Wedding torch this Light they have,
Which never shall convoy them to their grave.

Cum

Exitus Probat.

The end tryeth all.

39.

VIta fuere faci & ceræ distrimina odoris,
Quum clarum ornaret lucis utrumq; jubar.
ux simul extincta est, spatile fax tetrius halat;
Hyblæos redolet melela cera favos.
Sic prætextato dum fulget honoris in ostro
Improbus, assimilis creditur esse probo.
t quum nil miserans personam detrahit Orcus,
Excutit aut nudos sors malefida sinus.
le cachinnantis Vulgi tunc sordet in ore,
Famaq; sentinæ ut fœda mephitis olet.
ulget in adversis contra probus, inq; secundis,
Nullaq; Fortunæ tela nocere queunt.
uin ubi mors animam tenues efflavit in auras,
Vivit thuricremis æmula fama rogis.

VHen as the waxen light and candle did shine,
As was the taper, so the candle was fine:
hen light is gone, this gives an odious snuffe,
at smels of Hyblas sweete nectarian stuffe.
So when the wicked sits in honours chaire,
to the good man all doe him compare;
t when death sparing none, his maske puls off,
d changing Fortune sets him for a scoffe:
hen to the frittle people he doth stinke,
s name smels like a common-shore or sinke:
e good againe, even in adversity,
ires not for Fortunes false inconstancy;
d when against him death hath done her best,
s name smells like the Phenix spicy nest.

Cum

Dux Laterna Viæ.

The Lanterne leades the way.

40.

Cvm mare fermentat Boreas, quum fluctibus æquor
Intumet, & ventis aspera gliscit hyems.
Sol oculis quando eripitur, caligine cœlum,
Et tumidum involvit nox tenebrosa salum.
Dux veluti, lux nostra monet vitare Charybdin,
Et Scyllæarum jurgia dira canum.
¶ Erramus vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Præpedit & nostrum nubilus error iter,
Sed Christus classis nostræ prætoria navis
Lucentem præfert per vada cœca facem.
Hanc sequere, optatas Cœli qui tendis ad oras;
Christus enim verax est via, luxq; viæ.

WHen stormie *Boreas* puts the seas in rage,
And swelling waves intesting warre do wage;
When sun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,
And foaming billowes give a discord sound.
My light then leads the way through reeling strands,
Guiding by *Scyllas* rocks, *Charybdis* sands.
Here we are tossed in a maine of feares;
But Christ our admirall the lanterne beares;
Least we should suffer shipwracke in the night,
He leads us through all dangers by his light.
Who then would st come to Heav'ns long wisht for bay,
Follow thy Saviour who's Truth, Light, and Way.

Data Lux ſuſpiria tollit.

Light me I ſhal ſigh nomore

41.

CVm mea per tenebras radiaret lumine Lampas,
Æmula quum stellis flamma coruſca foret,
In precio fuerat mea lux, dignabar honore,
Inq; oculis cunctis fax mea læta fuit.
Nunc moribunda gemo, ſordens ſuſpiria duco,
Sumq; inviſa aliis, ipſa odioſa mihi.
Quod ſi flamma redux fuerit, decus omne redibit,
Quiq; prius frixit, fit recidivus amor.
¶ Res quum ſalva manet, quum pleno copia cornu eſt
Intactas populus ſuſpicit omnis opes.
At ſimul inconſtans reflat Fortuna, faceſſunt
Omnes, & miſeris nullus amicus adeſt.
Quin ubi ſors vultum mutat, quum denuo ridet,
Aſſentatorum reflua turba redit.
Oceani velut unda fluit, fluit unda clientum,
Verſiq; dat pelles ſors male fida vices.

WHen as my Light with beames did brightly ſhine,
And ſtarre-light was but equall unto mine;
I was in great requeſt and ſet above,
Was deare to all, who ſaw me, did me love:
Now breathing ſighes, and languiſhing I grone:
I'm hatefull to my ſelfe, belov'd of none.
If once againe my light beginne to burne,
With it my light and honour ſhall returne.
¶ When Fortune ſtanding on her ſlippery ball,
Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;
But if ſhe frowne, then flatterers flye away,
No friends abide, if once your meanes decay:
O but if Fortune change, and ſmile againe,
Then fawne theſe flatterers, and beare up your traine.
Much like the Sea theſe Clients flote and flow;
And Fortune turnes her coat, at every ſhow.

Fruſtra me tegis.

In vaine thou covereſt me.

42.

Frustra me ardentem celat prætenta lacerna,
Lumine flagrabit tacta lacerna meo.
Nostra meam nocti produnt incendia lucem,
Injectæ vestis dat q; ruina viam.
¶ Infandum quicunq; fovet penetralibus imi
Pectoris, & sperat posse latere nefas.
Illé faces celat Furiarum mente reductâ,
Sed frustra in vultus impia flamma micat.
Sic quicunq; nefas diri concepit Orestis,
Non minus & Furias impij Orestis habet.
Dissimula tu quantumvis, vis insita menti
Quæ penitus sentis, cogit aperta loqui.

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,
Thinking that no man shall perceive it shine.
But all in vaine, flame will it selfe bewray
And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.
¶ Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,
Hoping that nothing shall the same reveale.
He hides the torches of the hellish rout,
Which will at length with violence burst out:
Who doth conceive *Orest's* impious thought,
It will ere long to furious fact be brought.
Dissemble what thou can'st, that inward sparke
Will burst forth into Light, though now its darke.

Sic Vos non Vobis.

So are you not borne for your selvs.

Arte faber chalybem fingens sic temperat igni,
Vt silicis duræ verbera ferre queat.
Hæc quando saxi cæcis incendia abantris
Excutit, in cremium multa favilla cadit.
Scintillas fovet hoc rutilas, a sulphure donec
Accenso flammam teda parata rapit.
Teda faci tandem tradit, fax ardet ad usus
Humanos, aliis commoda, nulla sibi.
¶ Sic jussit Natura Deo parere potenti
Omnia, & in proprias esse ministra vices.
Esse quibus Natura dedit sine munere vitæ
Herbarum vitas prima elementa fovent.
Brutum animal viridis terræ sic planta saginat,
Humanæ ut fiant esca parata gulæ.
Omnia sic nostros didunt se commoda in usus:
Debemus nostro morigeri esse Deo.

THe Smith the steele, so tempers in the fire,
As that it may indure flints stroke and ire;
The flint and steel, 'gainst others while they strive,
Give sparkles, which the tinder keeps alive;
Vntill the sulphure to the match gives flame,
Which keeps, and to the candle doth give the same;
The candle thus lighted proper use hath none:
Thus all ordained is for man alone.
¶ Dame Nature so commandeth ev'ry thing
In his owne kind to serve his lord and King;
Things of meere being, and which doe not live,
As Elements, food to the living give;
The living herbs doe beasts with sense mainetaine,
And these, to feede us, ev'ry houre are slaine:
So every thing is for the use of man,
To God should he not doe then, what he can?

Nauplij faces.

Nauplius his Lights.

44.

VIctrix Idæis quum jam remearet ab oris
Classis, & armatæ gliscceret ira Deæ.
Nauplius Argolicas ulturus fraude carinas,
Suspendit rutilas ad vada cæca faces.
Illæ in saxa ruunt, inimico lumine falsæ,
Euboicisq; natat naufraga classis aquis.
¶ Dum perimus patriam, vitæ jactamur in undis,
Et gemit assiduo quassa carina noto.
Suspendunt faculas Honor & damnosa Voluptas,
Instar Sirenis fingit uterq; dolos.
Gaudia promittunt portus, placidamq; quietem,
Interea miseros in mala damna trahunt.
Vt sapias vatis vitato Capharea honoris
Falsa, voluptatis naufraga saxa fuge.

WHen as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from *Troy*,
And Pallas stormy wrath did them annoy;
Then *Nauplius* sought revenge upon the *Greekes*,
And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;
The *Greekes* deceived did the rockes mistake,
And dashing gainst them did nights shipwracke make.
¶ Whilst we unto our wisht-for Country goe,
This lifes feirce billowes tosse us to and fro;
Honour and glory hang out lights so faire,
And Siren-like doe seeke us to ensnare:
A joyfull, quiet haven they doe pretend;
But oft they draw us to a dolefull end:
If thou be wise shunne honours lights so hy,
And from shipwracking Siren pleasure fly.

Præstat morari.

'Tis better to tarry.

45.

LVx mea torpenti languet jam proxima fungo;
Vicina est nigris fax moribunda rogis.
Ecce meæ præsto lux inhiat altera sorti;
Carnificemq́; meis ut potiatur, agit.
Non impune meam accelerat tamen illa ruinam,
Namq́; ulciscetur nostra favilla necem.
¶ Ante diem patrios minuit sic filius annos,
Et si non gladio, sæpe dolore necat,
Occupet ut bona quæ genitor sudore paravit;
Non tamen hoc Nemesis deflet, inulta nefas,
Dilapidat nam cuncta nepos, rogus ante parentis
Quám friget, nati res malè-parta perit.

MY Light into a snuffe is almost turn'd,
And now the candle to smoaking ashes burn'd,
Behold another Light stands ready by,
Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.
Yet not unpunish'd it puts out my breath,
My very ashes doe revenge my death.
¶ So doth the sonne his Father make away,
If not with sword, with griefe, before his day,
That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,
Which *Nemesis* revenging doth convoy.
For oft the spendthrifts goods so evill gotten
Are spent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

Atratum,

Signum est Luxisse.

It is a token that I shined.

46.

A Tratum quicunq; videt fuligine fungum,
Sentiet ille meum consenuisse jubar.
Teda coruscanti flagrabat lumine quondam;
Luminis, extincto lumine, stigma manet.
¶ Strenuus armatos domuit qui marte duelles,
Vulnera virtutis signa referre solet.
In Veneris meruit qui castris, vix trahit artus,
Membraq; tabificâ debilitata lue.
Discipuli vultus macri, insaniq; gulonis
Pinguis aqualiculus symbolica esse solent.
Seu virtus fuerit, vitium seu ignobile, tanquam
Sorex, indicio paret utrumq; suo.

WHo so beholds this smoaky snuffe of mine,
He must needs thinke that sometime I did shine;
But now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,
Onely of light I have the brand and marke.
¶ Who for his Country hath with valour stood,
His wounds doe shew, that he hath spent his blood:
In *Venus* training who hath beene practised,
Some token he beares of what he exercised.
The Schollars badge, are sallow lookes and blanch,
The gluttons is the fatnesse of his panch.
Vertue and vice doth leave some token behind,
Which of themselves doe put us still in minde.

Exiguo melius.

Better with a little.

47.

VIs olei nimia extinguit, moderata q; nutrit;
Quod fovet, hoc nimium quando erit, exanimat.
Diluviis fœcundus ager sterilescit aquarum,
At modico lætas educat imbre comas
Deliciæ enervant animum, corpusq; salivâ
Torquent; est modicæ gratia multa dapis:
Vivitur in Micâ melius quam in Apolline, possis
Vt sanâ, in sano corpore, mente frui.

MY Light is best maintain'd with little Oyle,
Too much of that which feeds me, doth me spoile.
Deluge o fwaters drownes t he fertile ground,
Soft dropping raines makes it with grasse abound:
Riot in cheere the body kils and minde,
The meanest fare, the best for both we finde:
Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,
If thou wouldst wit and health still to be thine.

Turba

Qui malè facit odit lucem.

An evill-doer hateth Light.

48.

TVrba latrociniis grassans dum perforat ædes,
Noxiaq; in tenebris furta Latere putat.
Lux mea per vitreas simul est conspecta fenestras,
Terret, & hos trepidam cogit inire fugam.
Lux invisa malis, quia cæcas prodere fraudes,
Fædare & latebras insidiasque potest.
¶ Tempus erat, cœcis tenebris quo mersa jacebant
Omnia, terrigenis nec fuit ulla dies.
Tunc grassabatur caco-dæmon tecta frequentans,
Pectoris atque domus incola sæpe fuit.
At postquam Eois lux Christi affulsit ab oris.
Pan magnus tandem fugit ab orbe Deus.

WHilst theeves doe digge at middle of the night,
Working the workes of darkenesse, not of Light;
No sooner through the window they me spy
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,
Simply revealing, what they falsely hide.
¶ There was a time when all in darkenesse lay,
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;
Then Satan that arch-theefe did range abroad,
Seeking in hearts and houses his aboad;
But since that Christs bright Starre hath shewne his Light,
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

Luceo & Lateo.

I lurke and ſhine.

49.

Debebat rapidis mea lux ludibria ventis,
Obvia soricibus prædaq; sumen erat.
Tunica sed postquam tersi pellucida cornu
Munivit, lateo & luceo tecta magis.
Lux, adamas veluti, interno splendore coruscat,
Externo injuriam robore ferre potest.
¶ Splendida nobilitas fortunæ obnoxia telo est,
Eximiumq; petit livida turba decus.
Splendorem pietas ut murus aheneus ambit,
Gloria virtutumque ægide tecta nitet.
Sic vitæ quascunque ciet sors dira procellas,
Illa tamen lucens sub probitate latet.

Before my Light was to the winds a scorne,
My body likewise subject to be torne;
Now for a safeguard I this lanterne have,
So whilst I shine from wrong it doth me save;
Even as the Diamond his light forth sends,
And with his hardnesse still himselfe defends.
¶ Honour is subject to unconstant chance,
Nor can it without envy't selfe advance:
Vertue to honour is a brasen wall,
Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;
And how so ever Fortun's stormes doe blow,
Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can show.

Si tu foris, Ego domi.

If thou abroad, I at home.

50.

CErea fax temnit Borealis flamina venti,
A ta procelloſi nubila ferre poli.
Demonſtratque vias tempeſtæ noctis in umbris,
Et nitidum gelido ſub Iove lumen habet.
Deſidet at candela domi, luſtratque penates,
A debacchantis verbere tuta noti.
Gaudia deliciæque laris penetralia ſervat:
Ambulat illa foris, hæc latet uſq; domi.
¶ Splendida ſic vegetus linquit ſua tecta maritus
Sub gelido gaudens munia obire die.
Perque maris currit ſcopulos, cœlique procellas
Augeat ut tenuem ſedulitate penum.
Vxor caſta domi manet, & teſtudinis inſtar
Eſt domiporta, ſui & ſplendida cura laris.
Vt ſubit errorum diſcrimina fortis Vlyſſes;
Penelope curam geſtit habere domus.

THis waxen torch is able to endure
The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure,
It leads the way in darkneſſe of the night,
And, though the ſerene fall, it ſhewes his Light:
The candle ſtill lurks at home, and there doth ſhow
Its light, not caring how the winds doe blow,
This as the houſes joy at home doth ſtay,
The other ſtill abroad doth make his way.
¶ The hardy husband from his houſe goes forth
Seeking to compaſſe buſineſſe of worth;
He ſailes by rockes and ſands, earely and late
He toiles, and ſeekes to purchaſe an eſtate:
The wife at home much like a ſnaile ſhe ſits,
On houſ-wifry employing all her wits:
Vlyſſes in his travels hard did ſhift,
Penelope at home did uſe her thrift.

Sic pio per ij officio.

So I am undon by doing good

51.

VNdique laternam circa graſſantibus Euris,
Debuerat tutum delituiſſe jubar.
Importuna nocet pietas, male provida lucem
Perdit, dum lucem fœnerat illa ſuam.
¶ Si hoſtis habet muros, tunc ne pandatur amico
Porta, feret damnum ſic malè cautus amor.
Hoſtibus accedat ſi concomitatus amicus,
Neglige, vicini eſt vis metuenda mali.
Eſſe pius ſi vis, omnes circumſpice caſus,
Damnoſâ ne ſis impietate pius.

WHilſt ſtormy winds about the Lanterne rage,
The light ought to have lurked in his cage;
Vntimely love undoes him, while he lends
His Light, loe how his harmleſſe life he ſpends.
¶ When troops of enemies beſiege the wall,
For feare of hurt, ſhut gates, though friends doe call.
If that a friend accompanyed with a foe
Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.
If thou lov'ſt to be charitable, doe
So good to others, that it hurt not you.

Hac tantum patui.

I lay open here onely.

52.

PRæbuit una viam morti jam rima dehiscens
Dum malè per parvum flabra foramen eunt,
Irruit insanus Boreas, perimitq; latentem,
Ad diram rima est area lata necem.
¶ Vna saburratam mergit fissura carinam,
Tædaq; magnificas destruit una domos.
Vnius & morbi contagia dira salutem
Perdunt, atq; uno vulnere vita cadit.
Vnica peccati labes sic perdere corpus
Atq; animam æternâ mergere nocte potest.
Ergo quod est vnum & parvum, ne temne periclum;
Sæpius est magni causa pusilla mali,

THis little rift and chap workes all my woe,
Whilst thorow it fierce *Boreas* doth blow:
A creviſe is a City gate to death,
Who ſtill in ambuſh ſeekes to ſtop our breath:
¶ A little chinke doth drowne the loaded barke,
A ſtately houſe is burned with a ſparke;
And one diſeaſe doth this our health annoy,
One wound our life is able to deſtroy:
One Sinne can Soule and Body overthrow
Into the hell, and darkeneſſe thats below.
Doe not a danger which is meane deſpiſe;
From meaneſt cauſes greateſt evils ariſe.

Vnica

Fata viam inveniunt.

Death finds the way.

53.

VNica rima fuit; Borealis flamina venti
Quo poterant solo mî nocuere modo.
¶ Pectore vulneribus patuit quâ scutiger Heros,
Hectoreus lethi hoc repperit ensis iter.
Planta pedis fuit Æacidæ penetrabilis, inq; hanc
Fœmineam Paridis rexit Apollo manum.
Hostis ab insidiis veluti, mors obsidet omnes,
Agmina, quâ murus parte laborat, habet.
Stiria sive gelu fuerit, seu musca, vel undæ
Gutula, Londini littera sive necet.
Mille artes callet mors insidiosa necandi,
Vel facit, aut factam repperit illa viam.

ONe chinke there was and not another way
For *Boreas*, his fury to essay;
So *Hectors* fatall gift *Aiax* confounded,
And stob'd him where he onely could be wounded;
Apollo so directed *Paris* dart
To wound *Achilles* foote, and kill his heart.
¶ Death lies in ambush like an enemy,
And brasheth where our sconces weakest be.
Whether an icecle or drop of water,
Or gnat, or *Londons* Scholler-killing letter.
A thousand trickes we see of cunning death;
He makes or finds a way to stop our breath.

Virginum Lampas.

The Virgins Lampe.

55.

ECce venit sponsus, quâ non speratur in horâ,
Adventusque potest discere nemo diem;
Scilicet ut furvis nocturnus latro tenebris;
Sic veniet, judex & paranymphus erit.
Seraphica ex omni resonabit cardine mundi
Buccina, tunc nubes clara tribunal erit.
Corpora sanctorum, pravorum corpora surgent,
Atque animæ reduces in sua membra fluent.
Tunc cui Palladio saturata est munere Lampas,
Salvificamq; dedit Gratia vera fidem;
Cum Christo scandet Cœlos, ducetque triumphum
Inter Cœlicolos aligeroſque choros;
Sed cui non ullâ pingue scit Lampas Olivâ,
Cujus & in duro pectore nulla fides;
Tartareos illum Christus relegabit ad ignes,
In quibus est stridens & sine fine dolor.

BEhold the Bridegroome comes, he takes his way.
Nor Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day;
He saies, he'le come, much like a theefe in night,
To judge the world with equity and right;
Angels shall charge with trumpets sounding cleare,
And Christ as Iudge shall in the clouds appeare;
The righteous & the wicked shall arise,
Bodies and Soules, to passe upon that size;
He who the oyle of preparation hath,
Whom Christ shall find furnish'd with saving faith,
Shall with the blessed Bridegroome mount on hie,
Mongst Seraphimes triumphing gloriously;
But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,
Heavens dreadfull Iudge shall that man curſed call,
And banish him into the pit of hell,
Where with the fiends for ever he must dwell.

Qualia

In imo minimum & peſsimum.

At the bottom both leaſt & worſt

56.

QValia flammigenæ quum fervida munera Bacchi
Dolii in angusto carcere clausa Latent;
Quamdiu summa cado promuntur vina, palato
Et melius sapiunt, uberiusq; fluunt;
Ast ubi perventum est tetræ ad confinia fæcis,
Et minima in fundo, & pessima vina latent:
Talia & accensæ splendent incendia tædæ;
Æquali haud semper lumine flamma nitet:
Teda recens accensa, magisq; & clarius ardet,
Et facula est pleno lumine pulchra magis;
Ast ubi decrevit moribundi ad tædia fungi,
Hic olet, est cæcæ luxq; maligna facis.
Vinum, & fax vita est, primis quæ floret in annis,
Et viget, & genio nobiliore calet;
Sed simul effætæ sentiscir damma senectæ,
Dant nobis pauci tædia multa dies.

MVch like as wine the nurse of Poets veine,
When prison-like the caske doth it conteine;
Farre from the bottome while you draw the wine,
You will it find more plenteous and more fine;
But when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,
Both least and worst remaineth in the grounds:
Such like the shining of a candle we see,
Which kindled once burnes not still equally;
At first it giv's greater and clearer light,
And is more pleasant both to smell and sight;
But when it comes to snuffe and even spent,
It shineth lesse, and gives a filthy sent.
The candle & wine's our life, which, in its prime,
Doth flourish more, and hath more hope of time;
But when with mustie age our life decayes,
Then many sorrowes have we, and few dayes.

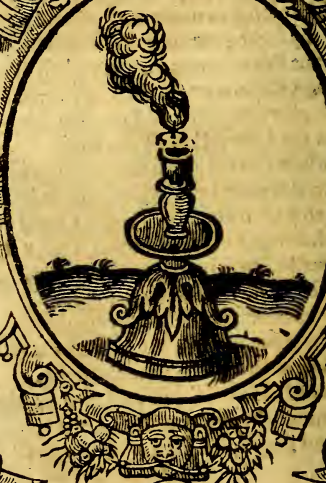
Te lux mea fallit.

My light eſcapes thee.

57.

WHen first my light did shine, you lik'd me well.
Now that is gone; you hate my loathsome smell;
You with prolongers made me live, and art
Preserv'd my light; but now *Time* acts his part,
Triumphant *Time*, shewes now my glasse is runne,
(What way God knowes) I finde my threed is spunne;
Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe
To Coffin: as I doe, all must doe so.
Time breaths a shrewd and life-bereaving blast,
Yet upward flyes my light, where it shall last.
I'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd
So deere, that many wayes and arts I prov'd
The mudwall to maintaine, and body save,
But yet in spight of me t'will go to grave.
This is my comfort, *Body*, that thy tombe
Which is thy grave, shall be thy mothers wombe
To bring thee once againe unto the light,
And life, which death shall never know, or night:
Then be content, though you and I depart;
Yet *Soule* and *Body* still shall have one heart.

Vale.



Farewell.

58.

ÆThereâ de sede fuit, petit æthera rursum,
Et quicquid Terræ est, flamma valere jubet.
In cineres fungus, fumus vanescit in auras,
Candelæq; decus, quod fuit ante, perit.
Mors simul Humanæ disrupit stamina vitæ,
Cœlum anima, & tumulum putria membra petunt;
Divitiisq; valere jubet, fastidit honores,
Astra super, patrios expetit illa lares.
Discite mortales miseræ contemnere sortis
Munera, quæ tandem rejicienda animæ;
Discite Cælestes animarum poscere dotes;
Quærite quæ sursum vos comitentur opes.

FLame goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,
Bids earth adue, and what it hath there from.
The snuffe to ashes, smoake turnes into ayre;
Lights beauty's gone, which sometime was so faire:
When death hath giv'n his last and fatall blow,
Our soule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe;
Riches and honours, which it once did love,
The Soule now lothes; and seekes to dwell above:
Learne Mortals, all false pleasures to contemne,
And treasures, which the soule must once condemne;
Seeke rather for the graces of the minde,
Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

Sursum corda.

FINIS.

Study me in thy Prime

The Glasse doth Runne, and Time doth Go,

Death hath his End, I have not so.

Bury Death and weary Time.